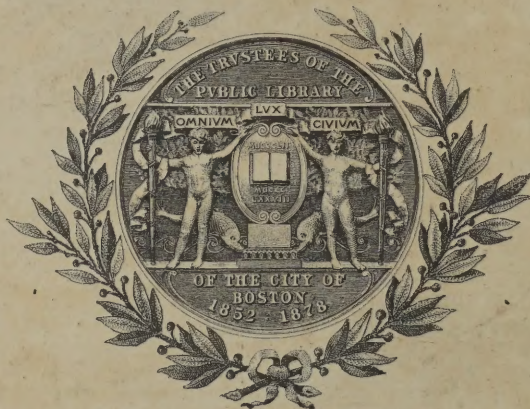


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*Grace P. Chandler
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CREDO.

‘SOUND, sound the clarion, fill the fife,
To all the sensual world proclaim,
One crowded hour of glorious life
Is worth an age without a name.’—*Scott.*

‘I THINK it best for men to maintain as a guiding principle what is the ultimate fact, namely, that art and literature are, and never can be, more than functions of human life. LIFE THEREFORE FIRST.’—*J. A. Symonds.*

‘To feel mere life a pleasure; to enjoy the moving one’s limbs and exercising one’s bodily powers; to play, as it were, with sun, and wind, and rain; to rejoice in satisfying the due bodily appetites of a human animal, without fear of degradation or sense of wrong-doing; yes, and therewithal to be well formed, straight limbed, strongly knit, expressive of countenance—to be, in a word, beautiful, also, I claim. If we cannot have this claim satisfied, we are poor creatures after all.’—*William Morris.*

‘WHATEVER the hold which the aristocracy of England has on the heart of England, in that they are still always in front of her battles, this hold will not be enough, unless they are also in front of her thoughts.’ . . .

‘There are good books for the hour, and good ones for all time ; bad books for the hour, and bad ones for all time. I must define the two kinds before I go farther. The good book of the hour, then—I do not speak of the bad ones—is simply the useful or pleasant talk of some person whom you cannot otherwise converse with, printed for you. Very useful often, telling you what you need to know ; very pleasant often, as a sensible friend’s present talk would be. These bright accounts of travels ; good-humoured and witty discussion of question ; lively or pathetic story-telling in the form of novel ; firm fact-telling, by the real agents concerned in the events of passing history ;—all these books of the hour, multiplying among us as education becomes more general, are a peculiar characteristic and possession of the present age ; we ought to be entirely thankful for them, and entirely ashamed of ourselves if we make no good use of them.’ . . .

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“ Her household motions light and free
And steps of virgin liberty.”

Let her loose in the library, I say, as you do a fawn in a field. It knows the bad weeds twenty times better than you ; and the good ones too, and will eat some bitter and prickly ones, good for it, which you had not the slightest thought were good.’—*John Ruskin*.

‘AND so, I say it most confidently, the first intellectual task of our age is rightly to order and make serviceable the vast realm of printed material which four centuries have swept across our path. To organise our knowledge, to systematise our reading, to save, out of the relentless cataract of ink, the immortal thoughts of the greatest—this is a necessity, unless the productive ingenuity of man is to lead us at last to a measureless and pathless chaos. To know anything that turns up is, in the infinity of knowledge, to know nothing. To read the first book we come across, in the wilderness

of books, is to learn nothing. To turn over the pages of ten thousand volumes is to be practically indifferent to all that is good.'

'OF all men, perhaps the book-lover needs most to be reminded that man's business here is to know for the sake of living, not to live for the sake of knowing.'—*F. Harrison.*

'To give unto them beauty for ashes.'

'AND they opened another book, which was the Book of Life.'

'GATHER ye rosebuds while ye may,
Old Time is still a-flying.'—*Herrick.*

'WE at Athens are lovers of the beautiful, yet simple in our tastes; we cultivate the mind without loss of manliness.'—*Pericles.*

FOR pleasant is this flesh;
Our soul, in its rose-mesh,
Pulled ever to the earth, still yearns for rest;
Would we some prize might hold
To match those manifold
Possessions of the brute,—gain most, as we did best!

Let us not always say
'Spite of this flesh to-day
I strove, made head, gained ground upon the whole!'
As the bird wings and sings,
Let us cry 'All good things
Are ours, nor soul helps flesh more, now, than flesh
helps soul!' *Robert Browning.*

FOREWORD.

THE public has decided that reading lists are a fallacy. *Vox Populi, Vox Dei?* Perhaps. To read the so-called 'Best Hundred Books' would be a heavy tax on the linguistic attainments of the reading public, and the best hundred books means the worst hundred prigs. What is a prig? A prig is an animal 'overfed for its size.' Evidently this is not to be a list of the best hundred books for the worst prigs. What is it to be? It endeavours to be a symposium of opinions about books which are too little known, with some evidence of ignorance, 'carefully acquired and studiously maintained' on the part of the public. The public is no better informed as to its most readable books than it is as to its greatest men. The melancholy of the ordinary publisher is greater than the melancholy of Stephen Allard—this when he contemplates the stock of books in his warehouse. The public passes by, and in passing says, 'Give me *Tit-Bits*. Thanks; I will take *Pearson's Weekly*, too:' and Thursday is a day of utmost moment to 'the young person.' The public won't stand being preached at, but they willingly accept information painlessly imparted. Is it the function of the tradesman to amuse the public? We have had enough of the pit-a-pat of poor young hearts' novels about the husband, the wife,—and another, why should there not now be a new amusement found in reading some of the neglected books, both the old and the new, wherein may be discovered just as much cleverness, just as much wit and brightness as in books of a baser sort.

This is not an attempt to inflict standard authors upon general readers. The term 'Standard Authors' means nothing, for what is the standard of the so-called 'Standard Authors' that no gentleman's library should be without? It would probably be found that the libraries of the most interesting men would show a great lack of 'Standard' authors. The libraries of such men reflect their owners' tastes, and each volume represents, as it should, some mood or fancy. Each one must choose for himself and herself, and there can be no dictating about the hundred best books, for why stop at a hundred? As the American advertiser puts it—

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But to choose for one's self requires knowledge, and knowledge comes where there is any enthusiasm, and after knowledge comes elective affinity, and we choose our books as by instinct. What, then, is the best course to pursue if we are to get the most amusement from our books? First, we must know what exists and what subjects are of interest to ourselves, and to make this easier is the principal purpose of this Circular. But this Circular can only do a little. It may make a start. Another purpose it has in endeavouring to show the choice of books favoured by many prominent public men, and how they amuse themselves with the authors of bygone days.

Messrs. Hatchard have sent out a letter to several men, whose judgment in such matters may be regarded, asking them to name any two or three books which they think the reading

public would like to know more of. Most of those applied to responded; some spoke modestly of their lack of knowledge, while others instructed their secretaries to send stereotyped evasive replies, which were very amusing to the person who read them. In many cases it is not difficult to trace what are the favourite authors of men who read much, and whose judgment is good, and it would not be difficult to compile a list of those favourite books of the few which are neglected by the many.

Lord Rosebery, who is well read in the literature of every period, remarked at the last Academy Banquet that Lord Lytton's *Pelham* was, he thought, a neglected book. Since then, according to the newspapers, the Prime Minister has read *Tom Brown's Schooldays* for the first time, and was so delighted with it that he wrote to the author asking for an autograph copy. No one need be surprised to find that Lord Rosebery, in his studious days, eschewed such light literature; he is just as capable now of appreciating humorous sketches, and it is a most important contribution to a theory of neglected books that Lord Rosebery has found so prominent a work which he had hitherto been unacquainted with.

Lord Rosebery is, furthermore, believed, as a good Scotchman to be very fond of Lockhart's *Life of Sir Walter Scott*, and he thinks, in the abridged form, it is one of the best books which can be given to a boy. Now Lockhart's *Scott*, ranking next to Boswell's *Johnson* in biography, has an absurdly small sale compared with its merits; in fact, if it were tested in the libraries of people who pose as intelligent individuals, how many would be found to possess a complete copy?

At a dinner at Dublin Castle recently, reference was made to a passage in Mr. John Morley's book, *Compromise*; the drift or meaning of the passage was disputed, and Lord Houghton, who was of the party, sent for the book from the library, but to the astonishment of His Excellency and every one else present, the book was not to be found there; what is more, not a single one of Mr. Morley's works was in the collection. How is this for the neglected book?

In the letters which follow, Sir John Lubbock points out that the Classics are lamentably neglected, and he mentions a few of those which he thinks conspicuously absent or neglected on the shelves of those who have libraries. Sir John Lubbock and M. Renan have done more than any one else to make one deserving Classic well known. By their aid, *The Thoughts of Marcus Aurelius* is now circulated much more widely than hitherto, though by no means yet well known enough. It was, however, recently reported that in a famous bookshop an American girl, asking for Max O'Rell's book on the United States, was scornfully advised that 'Marcus Aurelius was never in the United States.'

Mr. Lang, in one of his Essays, has referred to the entertainment which may be got from Lucian, Herodotus, Horace, and Theocritus. Madame Pompadour appears to have been a lover of Herodotus much more than the Madame Pompadours of to-day are fond of the Classics.

Professor J. Blaikie, in his essay on 'The Culture of the Intellect,' says: 'In politics look to Aristotle, in mathematics to Newton, in philosophy to Leibnitz, in theology to Cudworth, in poetry to Shakespeare, in science to Faraday. . . . But, of course, while

you covet earnestly a familiar acquaintance with all such original thinkers and discoverers in the world of thought and action, you will feel only too painfully that you cannot always lay hold of them in the first stage of your studies. Do not, therefore, despise little books; they are for you the necessary lines of approach to the great fortress of knowledge, and cannot safely be overleapt.'

We believe that George Borrow says somewhere that the life of some obscure highwayman is one of the best books in the English language. There are scores of such books, which ought to be reprinted and widely circulated. Our magazine proprietors might well take upon themselves to reprint in their pages some of the forgotten treasures which a little trouble would reveal—Edward Fitzgerald's *Polonius*, Alexander Smith's *Dreamthorp*, Arnold's *Friendship's Garland*, and many more such where copyright difficulties could be got over.

Here, in a final paragraph, let me thank those who have so kindly and so helpfully responded to the circular letter referred to, and whose replies are now given. Many have held aloof or have refused to comply. Such treatment, I regret to say, came principally from the clergy. To large numbers of the clergy the bland shilling and the Corybantic tract are their mistaken and only remedies for poverty and evil. These remedies result in filling the streets with begging impostors and crafty villains. It is by this withholding of sympathy that the Anglican Church makes enemies, and alienates those who would otherwise be her allies.

A. L. H.

CORRESPONDENCE.

W. L. COURTNEY, LL.D.

Editor of the 'Fortnightly Review.'

DEAR SIRS,

53 Belsize Park, N.W., February 12th, 1895.

I am much obliged to you for your letter of December 24th, which you may be sure that I shall bear in mind, and if I see my opportunity of recommending one or two books, I shall do so with pleasure. For the present I will only suggest to the rising generation that they might profitably read Miss Austen's novels, and try to discover for themselves the real literary charm which underlies her excessive fondness for unnecessary and trivial detail. The late Professor Jowett said some time ago that if a young man or young woman would read Miss Austen for diversion and Emerson's *Essays* for profit, the time would assuredly not be thrown away.

Believe me, faithfully yours, W. L. COURTNEY.

SIDNEY LEE,

The Editor of 'The Dictionary of National Biography.'

GENTLEMEN,

108 Lexham Gardens, Kensington, W.

I delayed replying to your note because it raised in my mind some complex issues which I hardly felt able to determine.

The popular taste for current fiction—for fiction fresh from the author's pen—seems to have characterised to an almost identical extent each generation of our countrymen and countrywomen for the past century and a half. I am doubtful whether the predilection ought to be regarded as a specially distinguishing mark of the reading public of our own time. Were it desirable to eradicate it, I do not know

that any appreciable effect would be produced by irresponsible recommendations to novel-readers, from whatever quarter emanating, to devote increased attention to the more serious forms of literature. The public at large must be provided with more leisure and a more advanced education in youth before they are fitted for the habitual study of serious literature. The majority, under present conditions, will, if they read at all, read with no higher aim than to amuse themselves in an occasional idle hour; and provided they imbibe current fiction in moderate draughts, and do not drink too deeply of its highly spiced brands, they are not likely to come to much harm. That an increase in the ranks of serious readers is desirable, I have every reason for admitting, but I doubt my capacity to suggest any practical method whereby, as far as the public at large is concerned, so desirable an end might be promoted.

I agree with you in believing that in biography or personal memoirs with their supplements of personal correspondence, is to be found the only class of literature that has any chance of competing with fiction for the favour of the ordinary reader who seeks in literature an occasional and a more or less frivolous diversion. Boswell's *Life of Johnson* might, I imagine, give to any fairly well-educated reader, if he were once induced to apply himself to its study, almost as much satisfaction as he could derive from any novel.

Persons of good education and intelligence, who have more spare time at their disposal than most of their neighbours, fall, I am aware, victims at times to a morbid passion for reading contemporary fiction, and it might possibly be of service to suggest in their behalf a remedial course of treatment. Were I called on to prescribe for any person thus afflicted, and were I at liberty to apply such gentle coercion as falls within the province of the medical practitioner, I would exclude from their notice for many months all books but a few biographies which combine a genuine human interest with good literary form. To the patient's library should be admitted, in the first instance, in addition to Boswell, only such works as Carlyle's *Life of John Sterling* and *Cromwell*, Lockhart's *Life of Scott*, Sir George Trevelyan's *Life of Macaulay*, Mr. Bosworth Smith's *Life of Lord Lawrence*, Southey's *Life of Nelson*, Mr. John Morley's *Life of Burke*, or Marbot's *Memoirs*. The shortest books—*Nelson*, *Stirling*, *Macaulay*—should be attacked first. After those volumes had been well digested the regimen might be profitably diversified by excursions into the private correspondence of Cowper, Charles Lamb, and Edward Fitzgerald, and more prolonged sojourns among the essays of Charles Lamb, Hazlitt, Macaulay, Froude, and Mr. Leslie Stephen, should follow, at a later stage of the treatment.

Experience proves that it is hopeless to expect the confirmed novel-reader-in-excess to interest himself in poetry. His distaste for that branch of literature is rarely removable, and must be accepted as inevitable. Should a cure be ultimately effected, healthy conditions might be maintained hereafter by resort to the stronger meat of history. The historical works of Macaulay and Froude, Mr. Lecky and Mr. Gardiner, require from their readers mental efforts far above the average efforts exerted by the habitual novel-reader. But no man or woman of good education or intelligence, who has been effectually freed from the bondage of a morbid passion for fiction, ought to find the needful effort beyond his or her capacity, and the exertion of that effort at fairly regular intervals will best keep those who have been prone to excess as novel-readers in a healthy frame of mind.

I am, Gentlemen, yours very faithfully,

SIDNEY LEE.

Mr. Lee's letter will be recognised as one of the most valuable. He writes from exceptionally wide knowledge, both of books and of men. Just two years ago Mr. Lee delivered a lecture on 'The Study of English Literature,' a few extracts from which, we feel sure, he will not mind our quoting:—

'The fashions of small literature and of small literary coteries vary like the fashions of ladies' dresses, and these fashions in our day mainly excite journalistic clamour. Great literature has practically no passing fashions. Its characteristics are the same now as in the days of Homer.'

'With all the increases in opportunity of buying, of borrowing, and of hearing lectures on books, it may fairly be questioned whether the popular taste in literature has perceptibly improved of late years. The greatest poets of the past—Shakespeare, Milton, Dryden, Wordsworth—have had at every epoch a few but fit admirers. . . . I wish to take a hopeful view of the situation, but there are some distressing symptoms in the popular literature of our own day which show how much is needed to be done yet.'

WALTER BESANT.

GENTLEMEN,

London, W., Jan. 8th, 1895.

In reply to your letter of Dec. 29th last, I have not directed my attention to the subject of your letter, but I will put it aside, and will endeavour to meet your views. I think that your aim is extremely interesting and useful.

I remain, Gentlemen, your obedient servant,

WALTER BESANT.

Up to the time of going to press no further reply had been received from Mr. Besant.

DEAR SIRS,

ARTHUR WAUGH.

January 7th, 1895

I have been very much interested by your letter, especially as it seems to me directed towards a most desirable consummation. We live so fast nowadays, and there is so much cant about the newest literary sensations, that very few people have time to read and remember the essentially great achievements of English literature. Time is consumed in appraising the latest discovery of some enterprising editor, and of these new discoveries there is a fresh example every day. The popular neglect of Shakespeare, for instance, is enormous; very few subscribers to a library could give you a reasonable account of any one of his plays. Very recently a lady said to me that she was so fond of *The Merchant of Venice* because 'Mad Margaret' was so picturesque a character. It transpired that she had seen *The Merchant* and *Ruddigore* in the same week, and hopelessly confused the two! Now this lady considered herself by no means uninterested in literature.

Take also our standard prose-writers. Who nowadays reads Burke? Yet he is a master to whom all style must eventually be referred. As for Addison, 'the general' knows no more than his name. One would be surprised to hear that the sale of Lamb's *Elia* was large; yet how infinitely finer is its entertainment than you will reap from a wilderness of latter-day essayists!

Then there are the poets. I suspect that the much-advertised singers of the hour have a livelier circulation than the standard editions of Pope and Goldsmith; and yet the irresponsible rhyming of the younger men would lose nothing in form, and acquire much in matter, by the restraining influence of the formal school. Wordsworth is unconscionably forgot, and I think no one ever reads Crabbe.

But you cannot get a just idea of the development of English letters without a tolerable acquaintance with the representative writers of each succeeding era; and without some just idea you cannot hope to judge the 'new sensation' intelligently. The great fault, as it seems to me, is this: we have to keep pace with such a rapid output that we lose our sense of perspective and proportion. It is difficult not to be over-enthusiastic about contemporary achievement, and the moment a writer recognises merit in novelty he is suspected (such is the taint that hangs to criticism nowadays) of unworthy motive. It is very hard to strike the mean. This alone is certain: if the delightful pursuit of the library is to be worth its lantern, we must surely read with a sense of environment. You asked me to mention two or three books; I feel inclined to give you the names of a hundred. For, indeed, life is not long enough for all the reading we might profit by, nor sufficiently restful for the thought it would prompt. It is a thousand pities that we must waste on the tedious problem-novel, time that was meant for *The Vicar of Wakefield* and Jane Austen. But who shall escape the fashion?

Very faithfully yours, ARTHUR WAUGH.

We are extremely regretful in this and in other cases that the number of books asked to be named was but two or three. Mr. Waugh might have named his whole hundred. From our own experience Burke is a much-neglected author.

RICHARD LE GALLIENNE.

DEAR SIRS,

Mulberry Cottage, Boston Road, Brentford, January 3rd, 1895.

I gladly take a hand in a purpose so noble. Apart, of course, from one's own books, the books that most readily occur to me as having lacked the fuller appreciation they deserve are:—Mr. Walter Raymond's *Love and Quiet Life*, Mr. Francis Adams' *A Child of the Age*, Mr. Ernest Rhys' *A London Rose and other Poems*, Robert Murray's *Poems*, edited by Mr. Lang, Mr. Grant Allen's *Post Prandial Philosophy*, and Mr. John Eglinton's *Two Essays on the Remnant* (Whaley, Dublin). With such a cryptic title, and so shy a method of publication, the author of the last named seems to have been sedulous rather to avoid than attract attention to his remarkable little book. Whoso risks upon it the large sum of 1s. 6d. will, I think, agree with me that it is one of the finest pieces of quaint, humorous, and figured prose written in English for some years. If any one buying

Mr. Eglinton's book on this recommendation, finds himself disappointed, I will gladly buy his copy at half price.

One or two books in my list, such as *Love and Quiet Life* and *A Child of the Age*, have received a certain amount of recognition from the critics, but nothing like the recognition they merit. You will best know how they have sold.

Yours sincerely, RICHARD LE GALLIENNE.

RICHARD H. HUTTON.

Editor of the 'Spectator.'

DEAR SIRS,

Crossdeep Lodge, Twickenham, January 7th, 1895.

I am by no means master of all the important works on the Tractarian Movement, but of the more recent ones I should have thought the *Life of Mr. W. G. Ward*, by Mr. Wilfrid Ward (Macmillans), from the Roman Catholic point of view, and Dean Church's *Oxford Movement* (also Macmillans), from the Anglican point of view, the most important. I have been disappointed in finding the *Life and Letters of Dean Church* (also Macmillans) to have so little bearing on the subject. Of course, of the older works, Cardinal Newman's *Apologia*, and the letters of Cardinal Newman, while still in the Anglican Church, are indispensable. I am sorry that my own reading on the subject is so imperfect that I cannot give any better answer.

Believe me, dear Sirs, yours faithfully, RICHARD H. HUTTON.

Mr. Hutton, with the heavy duties of an Editor upon him, did not immediately reply to the general question of neglected books. He was, therefore, asked if he would name the best books upon the great religious movement of the present century—a subject upon which he is known to be the best qualified person to speak.

Dr. GARNETT, C.B.

Deputy Keeper of the Printed Books, British Museum.

GENTLEMEN,

British Museum, January 15th, 1895.

I must make many apologies for having so long delayed a reply to your request to point out undeservedly neglected books. I have found this a much more troublesome matter than might appear at first sight, it being difficult for me to ascertain whether a book really is neglected, and, when such is the case, whether this may not

arise from some sufficient reason not obvious on the surface. With considerable diffidence I may name the following as apparently coming within this category:—Nichol, *Architecture of the Heavens*; Müller and Donaldson, *History of Greek Literature*; Finlay's various *Histories of Greece*; Wheaton's *Northmen*; Arnold, *On Translating Homer*; Borrow's *Lavengro*. None of these can precisely be said to be neglected, but none are so well known as they might be. I might add another which is certainly not neglected, but which would be immensely improved by a good commentary, bringing it up to the present state of scientific knowledge—Darwin's *Voyage of a Naturalist*. I have thought it needless to go very far back, as I doubt whether old books can ever be made very popular unless they are absolute classics, or unless their revival is assisted by adventitious causes. I regret that I have been unable to give any time to the examination of French literature from this point of view. I remain, Gentlemen, yours very truly, R. GARNETT.

We may just add to Dr. Garnett's delightful letter, that a new edition of Borrow's works might be safely undertaken by Mr. Murray. The present edition is very inferior, and the old copies are difficult to get and expensive.

JUDGE HUGHES.

DEAR SIRS,

Grosvenor Club, Chester, Jan. 7th, 1895.

I heartily wish you success in your praiseworthy effort to turn the attention of the reading public to 'books of permanent value upon social topics which are too little known,' but don't see my way to giving any list of such books. Living as I do quite out of touch with the reading centres, I have no idea whether such books as the late Mr. Maurice's or Mr. Llewellyn Davies', Mr. Drummond's and Mr. Kidd's (to take the examples which first occur to me), are or are not neglected. I fear, however, that the reading public of the day can have little time to spare from the floods of sensational and shady fiction for serious reading, such as you wish to entice them to. They would be, indeed, 'fresh fields and pastures new,' but, so far as I can see, it will be a long 'tomorrow' before they turn to them.

Very truly yours, THOMAS HUGHES.

Judge Hughes was asked to name neglected books on social questions. We think that all, except Mr. Kidd's book, may be considered 'Wallflowers.'

FREDERIC HARRISON.

38 Westbourne Terrace, London, W., December 26th, 1894.

With Mr. Frederic Harrison's Compliments.

He incloses a short list, assuming that what is required is (1) books of general interest, not of simple amusement; (2) standard well-known books (not new); (3) books in current use easily and cheaply accessible.

List of two or three Standard Books suitable for general reading and of popular character which are not so widely read as they deserve to be.

The Poem of the Cid (Spanish, 13th century), complete in Spanish and French, by Damas Henard; Paris, 1858, 4to. French translation by St. Albin; Paris, 1865, 2 vols. 12mo. English free version by Robert Southey; various editions and in Chandos Classics.

Calderon: a few dramas translated and paraphrased by Edward Fitzgerald; new complete edition of translator's works, London, 1887, 2 vols. large 8vo.

Madame de Lambert: *Avis d'une mère à sa fille*; Paris, 12mo. *Avis d'une mère à son fils*; Paris, 12mo.

Georges Leroy: *Lettres sur les animaux*; Paris, 12mo. Translated—*The Intelligence and Perfectability of Animals*; London, 1870, 12mo. (K. Paul & Co.).

Arthur Young: *Travels in France*, edited by M. Betham-Edwards; Bohn's Library, 1890.

E. Gibbon: *Autobiography*.

Mr. Harrison has thought long and profoundly on this subject, and his name was the first which occurred to us when the question of 'Library Wallflowers' came up for consideration. The following are taken from some of Mr. Harrison's other contributions on this same subject, principally the articles which he contributed last year to the *Forum Magazine*:—

'The survival of certain books and names from generation to generation does not depend on merit alone. Boswell's *Life of Johnson* is immortal: though we do not rank "Bozzy" as a hero or a genius. Hume's *History of England* is a classic; though it can hardly be said to be a good book. Few books have ever exercised so amazing an influence as Rousseau's *Social Contract*; yet the loosest mind of to-day can perceive its sophistry. Burke's diatribes on the French Revolution affected the history of Europe; though no one denies that they were inspired by

passion and deformed by panic. Hobbes has very few readers to-day; but the *Leviathan* may last as long as More's *Utopia*, which has hardly more readers in our age. Books which attain to an enduring and increasing power are such books as the *Ethics*, the *Politics*, and the *Republic*, the *Thoughts* of Marcus Aurelius and of Vauvenargues, the *Essays* of Bacon and of Hume, Plutarch's *Lives*, and Gibbon's *Rome*. In these we have a mass of pregnant and ever-fertile thought in a form that is perennially luminous and inspiring.'

Mr. Harrison has also referred to Disraeli as another very much neglected author :—

'Disraeli's social and political satires have a peculiar and rare flavour of their own, charged with an insight and a vein of wit such as no other man in this century has touched; so that, even though they be in sketches and sometimes in mere *jeux d'esprit*, they bring him into the company of Swift, Voltaire, and Montesquieu The books on which Disraeli's reputation alone can be founded are *Coningsby*, *Sybil*, and *Lothair*. These all contain many striking epigrams, ingenious theories, original suggestions, vivacious caricatures, and even creative reflections, mixed, it must be admitted, with not a little transparent nonsense.'

GRANT ALLEN.

GENTLEMEN,

The Croft, Hind Head, Haslemere, January 2nd, 1895.

I have racked my brain to think of any neglected book such as those you speak of, but can think of none. Indeed, my feeling is that good books of old date have got quite enough or too much appreciation, and that it is the new men and the new books that are in want of prophets. Should not each generation nourish itself chiefly on its own literature, the problems then and there before it? I can think of only one recent book which might go to swell your list, and that is Mr. J. G. Frazer's *The Golden Bough*, a work of astonishing learning and profound interest, which has somehow failed hitherto to attract a tithe of the attention to which it is entitled.

Faithfully yours,

GRANT ALLEN.

Mr. Grant Allen's literary judgments have been frequently received with very mixed feelings; but whatever adverse criticisms can be passed

upon them, this much may be said, that he has most unselfishly been the friend of the young author, witness his famous *Fortnightly* article on William Watson.

The Right Hon. SIR JOHN LUBBOCK, Bart., M.P.

GENTLEMEN,

High Elms, Farnborough R.S.O., Kent, December 28th, 1894.

The books which seem to me most unaccountably neglected are the great masterpieces of antiquity. I mean, for instance, Homer, Herodotus, Plato (say the *Apology* and *Phaedo*), Epictetus, Marcus Aurelius, Plutarch's *Lives*, &c. These are all most instructive and interesting.

I am, your obedient servant,

JOHN LUBBOCK.

Dr. FURNIVALL.

December 28th, 1894.

I think English folk's neglect of their old English literature a great disgrace to them. We ought to have 1000 subscribers to our Early English Text Society (see list herewith) instead of 300. The books which deal with our early social life ought specially to be read, such as *E. E. Meals and Manners* (E. E. T. Society), and William Harrison's *Description of England*, 1577-87, and Stubbes's *Anatomic of Abuses*, 1593 (New Shakspere Society), for Elizabethan England. The earliest Englishing of Thomas à Kempis's *De Imitatione Christi* (about 1450), issued by the E. E. T. Society, has been strangely overlooked. So have our many fine early alliterative poems. Our grand *New English Dictionary* gets hardly any support. It now owes the Clarendon Press about 32,000*l.*, because ignoramuses won't buy it.

F. J. FURNIVALL.

Particulars of any of these publications may be had from Messrs. Hatchard. Dr. Furnivall would no doubt support equally vigorously the much-neglected publications of The Ballad Society.

The Hon. REGINALD B. BRETT.

Orchard Lea, Windsor Forest, January 4th, 1895.

Lady Cowper's Diary, Selwyn's *Memoirs*, by Jesse, *Correspondence of the first Lord Malmesbury*, Gibbon's *Autobiography*, *Memoirs of Hugh Eliot*, *Memorials of*

Henry Cockburn, Journal of Henry Cockburn. These, together with the works of Sir George Cornwall Lewis, are all books which seem to me to command a degree of attention altogether incommensurate with their great merit.

It is difficult to understand why Sir George C. Lewis's works, which are exceedingly rare and costly, have not been reprinted.

REGINALD B. BRETT.

I have not limited this reply to the XVIIIth Century. The question was exceedingly difficult to answer.

Mr. Brett's contribution will be read with great interest, as coming from one of the best read men in English Society.

SIR HERBERT MAXWELL, Bart., M.P.

GENTLEMEN,

49 *Lennox Gardens, S.W., January 1st, 1895.*

I fully sympathise with your object, but it is not easy to suggest three books to which the reading public require easier access than they have at present. It is safe to say that *all* first and second-class literature of the past three centuries have been brought easily within the reach of English readers, either by new editions or in attractive condensations, such as Froude's recently published *Lectures on Erasmus*. There are, however, some books which every one would profit by reading from end to end. One of these is Lockhart's *Life of Sir Walter Scott*, which is not only the history of remarkable achievement, but the delineation of a broad and noble character. Another striking and pathetic work in biography is Smiles' *Life of Robert Dick, Geologist and Botanist*. *The Gay Science*, by E. Dallas, published about thirty-three years ago, deserves attention as a charming medley of literary allusion and anecdote. Slighter works, which ought not to fall out of sight, are Abraham Hayward's *Art of Dining*, and T. Percy Jones' (Aytoun's) *Firmilian: a Spasmodic Tragedy*.

I am Gentlemen, faithfully yours,

HERBERT MAXWELL.

The art of reading is known to few men so well as to Sir Herbert Maxwell.

THE HEAD MASTER OF ETON COLLEGE.

Barons Down, Dulverton, December 26th, 1894.

Dr. Warre presents his compliments to Messrs. Hatchard. He thinks it difficult to give any satisfactory reply to their request, and can only off-hand mention three books which occur to him as being of great interest, and not known to as many people as they deserve: *The Naturalist in La Plata*, Hudson; *Where Three Empires Meet*, Knight; *Irish Idylls*, Jane Barlow. He naturally hears something of the books that boys are reading, and is struck with indications that, while Scott is holding his own with the rising generation, it can hardly be said that Dickens or Thackeray, to say nothing of Bulwer Lytton, Fenimore Cooper, and others who interested the boys of forty years ago, are now prevailing over the 'yellow backs' which flood the bookstalls.

JOHN DAVIDSON.

DEAR SIRS,

Grosvenor Club, New Bond Street, January 4th, 1895.

I am obliged by your circular, and I think your plan a very good one; but I am afraid I can be of little help to you. My own reading has always followed main roads, and I have therefore little or no acquaintance with less-known books. I have often wondered if *Don Quixote*, undoubtedly the greatest prose book in the world, was regularly and universally read in England. Might I suggest that every English man and woman should read Carlyle's *Past and Present*, and perhaps the *Latter Day Pamphlets*, once a year? Is Stendhal's *La Chartreuse de Parme*—the best novel since *Don Quixote*—at all known in this country?

Yours very truly,

JOHN DAVIDSON.

The last book which Mr. Davidson names is very little known in England, and we do not remember any application for it for many years past. It was originally published in 1839, and there was, we believe, an English translation—*The Carthusian Nun of Parma*. The author's real name was Bayles. He was born at Grenoble in 1783.

F. C. BURNAND.*Editor of 'Punch.'*

I haven't time ; but I should recommend every one to get the whole series of *Happy Thoughts*.

F. C. B.

The largeness of the order need not have deterred Mr. Burnand from recommending that article of rising value, a *complete set of Punch*.

ANDREW LANG.

GENTLEMEN,

8 Gibson Place, St. Andrew's, Scotland.

My literary preferences are pretty well known to every one who thinks they deserve attention. I fear, therefore, that I can do no good by supplying a list of books I chance to like.

I remain, faithfully yours,

A. LANG.

We hope that our memory is not misleading us when we say that Mr. Lang has expressed somewhere a liking for the novels of Miss Rhoda Broughton and Miss Braddon. Take also the authors to whom the 'Letters to Dead Authors' were addressed, and you probably know Mr. Lang's literary preferences pretty accurately. How many of these are neglected authors is certainly another question.

THE HEAD MASTER OF HARROW SCHOOL.*Harrow School, January 24th, 1895.*

The Head Master of Harrow School very much regrets that, owing to his absence from home, the letters of Messrs. Hatchard have been left unanswered. He is not quite clear as to the scope of the question, but the books he would suggest are—in English: Bunyan's *Holy War*, Dr. Johnson's *Rasselas*; in French: Fénelon's *Télémaque*; Rousseau's *Emile*.

In this connection it may not be inappropriate to recall the fact that

Dr. Welldon lectured last year upon the 'Art of Reading,' and the following extract from the report of his lecture may be added to his kind and helpful letter :—

'What books are they that should be read not with the eye only but with the soul, they will be such books as, in the German phrase, have been "epoch-making," and have exercised a lasting influence upon the current of human thought. They are not many; but in them is contained the essence of all literature. In Religion, the Bible, and these two books which are most closely founded upon it, the *De Imitatione Christi* and *The Pilgrim's Progress*; in Poetry, the writings, or some at least of the writings, of the four great masters — Homer, Dante, Shakespeare, Goethe—who guard the portals of human sentiment for all time; in History, Thucydides and Gibbon as respectively illustrating the perfection of historical science in miniature and on a scale of majestic dignity; in Philosophy, Plato's *Republic*, which by the genius of the late Master of Balliol has been made an English Classic, and Pascal's *Pensées*; in Political Science, Aristotle's *Politics*, Montesquieu's *L'Esprit des Lois*, and Adam Smith's *Wealth of Nations*; in Science, Bacon's *Novum Organum*, Newton's *Principia* (if it be intelligible to you), and Darwin's *Origin of Species*—these are all, or nearly all, the books that have been "epoch-making," and to read these will be to enter, however humbly, into the temple of knowledge and truth.'

THE CHIEF RABBI.

22 Finsbury Square, London, January 3rd, 1895.

The Chief Rabbi presents his compliments to Messrs. Hatchard, and subjoins a brief list of books in the department of literature with which he is most conversant, that should be either republished or translated:—Works of Philo-Judæus, Dr. Deutsch's article on the 'Talmud,' in his *Literary Remains* (Murray, 1874). Karpeles' *Geschichte der Jüdischen Literatur* (Berlin, Oppenheim, 1886).

THE SQUIRE AND THE PRIVY COUNCILLOR.

A gentleman referred to recently in *The Spectator* as the *doyen* of the English county squires, whose long experience of public life and close

friendship with literary men have made his name a very familiar one, but who does not wish us to make his name public, was asked the general question as to neglected books, and further, to name certain good books on Agriculture and Cookery, subjects upon which he speaks with great authority. Among the books which this venerable squire and Privy Councillor names are the following :—

Maurice (F. D.), *Moral and Metaphysical Philosophy*.

Locke (John), *Essay on Human Understanding*. (Fraser's edition.)

Modern Philosophy from Bacon to Descartes. (Sampson, Low, & Co.)

Lotze's *Metaphysics, and Microcosmos*.

The *Lives* of Locke, Berkeley, and Hume in Blackwood's Philosophical Series.

Knight's *Aspects of Theism*.

Martineau's *Study of Religion, Types of Ethical Theory*.

Illingworth's *Bampton Lectures*.

Some of our squires are evidently well up in Philosophy and Theology. Several of these volumes mean a good deal of hard reading. Mrs. Humphry Ward could not have been far wrong when she drew the character of Mr. Wendover in *Robert Elsmere*. In Cookery the squire names Guthrie Wright's *Cookery Primer* and Harrison's *Skilful Cook*. In Agriculture he gives Warington's *Chemistry of the Farm* and Lloyd's *Lectures at King's College*.



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